

# F A I R!

LYNCHBURG, VA.

October 1, 2, 3 and 4.

Norfolk & Western R.R.

WILL SELL ROUND-TRIP TICKETS

AT ONE FARE

FROM ALL STATIONS,

To which will be added One Admission to Exposition Grounds.

TICKETS ON SALE

September 30th, October 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th,  
Good to Return Until October 5th.

SPECIAL TRAINS WILL BE RUN OCTOBER 2D AND 3D, 1895,  
BETWEEN RADFORD AND LYNCHBURG.

Leave RADFORD..... 6 55 a. m.	Leave BLUE RIDGE..... 8 49 a. m.
EAST RADFORD..... 7 00 a. m.	MONTVALE..... 8 59 a. m.
CHRISTIANSBURG... 7 19 a. m.	THAXTON..... 9 13 a. m.
MONTGOMERY..... 7 30 a. m.	BEDFORD..... 9 24 a. m.
SHAWSVILLE..... 7 39 a. m.	LOWRY..... 9 34 a. m.
ELLISTON..... 7 46 a. m.	GOODE..... 9 40 a. m.
SALEM..... 8 08 a. m.	BELLEVUE..... 9 42 a. m.
ROANOKE..... 8 25 a. m.	FOREST..... 9 53 a. m.
VINTON..... 8 32 a. m.	Arrive LYNCHBURG..... 10 15 a. m.
BONSACK..... 8 39 a. m.	

Returning, Train Leaves Lynchburg 5 p. m., Arrive Radford 8:30.

Running and Trotting Races. Bicycle Races. Baseball.

For Tickets and all other information call on nearest  
Station Agent.

W. B. BEVILL,  
Gen. Passenger Agent.

M. F. BRAGG,  
Trav. Pass. Agent.

## THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Nanny has a hopeful way—  
Bright and busy Nanny.  
When I cracked the cup today,  
She said in her hopeful way,  
"It's only cracked. Don't fret, I pray."  
Sunny, cheery Nanny!

Nanny has a hopeful way,  
So good and sweet and canny.  
When I broke the cup today,  
She said in her hopeful way,  
"Well, 'twas cracked, I'm glad to say."  
Kindly, merry Nanny!

Nanny has a hopeful way,  
Quite right, little Nanny.  
Cups will crack and break away.  
Fretting doesn't mend or pay.  
Do the best you can, I say,  
Busy, loving Nanny.  
—Algernon Tassin in St. Nicholas.

## A COQUETTE IN CAMP.

A sensation stirred the forest bound depths of Isaac Carey's lumber camp. A newcomer had put in an appearance at John Bailey's house. The men at work on the landing had seen that day as the train stopped at the station at the "siding" a female figure alight and come up the switch which led from the main track to the mill. She was young, she was fairly pretty, and she was a stranger who had evidently come to visit John Bailey's family, and many conjectures were indulged in by the busy workers all the afternoon.

Lem Marlow received a peculiar shock that afternoon. Driving his team down the road with a load of logs, which he was hauling from the woods, he had to pass John Bailey's house. At this place the horses were always stopped to rest, and Lem Marlow was considered one of the most careful teamsters at the camp. His horses were not tired out, but the resting places were numerous and regular along the route.

As he stopped his horses at this point on this eventful afternoon he was startled by seeing a pair of bright eyes, which belonged to a strange face, curiously watching him. A hasty glance proved that the face was pretty, and to Lem's idea the right sort of a face, and immediately the heart of the young teamster went through a curious revolution. Lem Marlow had the name of being the most susceptible youth in camp, and many an envious companion would declare that "he never seen the like of that 'er Lem Marlow for gittin' round the gals."

Where the fair unknown came from Lem did not know, but he could easily find out from John Bailey. Suffice it to say she was there and watching him, and that necessitated recognition of his own graces, at least. His horses needed all sorts of attention immediately, patting and stroking their glossy sides and talking to them in the tone which teamsters often adopt to the animals who are almost as dear to them as human beings.

That night as the crew of workmen gathered in the men's room of the big boarding house after supper the talk naturally turned to the newcomer, Shorty Black looked up with sudden interest when her advent to the Bailey house was mentioned.

"Was she a real purty sort uv a gal, with black eyes an' hair an' red cheeks?" he inquired breathlessly in his thin, shrill voice.

Yes, the men could vouch for her being pretty, some could assert to her red cheeks, and one man could swear she had black eyes and hair.

"Well, then, she's Annie Davis, Mrs. Bailey's sister. I know her," responded Shorty, with a satisfied squeak in his voice.

"The dickens ye do," responded Jim Bennett, with a loud guffaw. The other men laughed immoderately also at the idea of Shorty Black knowing the pretty stranger who had awakened an interest in them all.

Shorty Black was a sort of butt for good natured satire at Carey's camp, and simply because he was so small Shorty was the only name he got. Indeed it was questionable whether the men knew any other name. He had the usual dull, uninteresting features of the average backwoodsman and was good natured, ignorant and plain. Because of his short stature and thick, stocky body Shorty was always laughingly used for an illustration for diminutive substances.

Lem Marlow looked up suddenly from the game of seven up in which he was taking part when Shorty disclosed his interesting intelligence. He listened more intently to the conversation than to the game after that and finally threw down his cards and "lowed he wouldn't play any more that night."

"What, ye're goin' to the barn?" called out Jim Bennett as Lem set his cap jauntily on one side of his head and sauntered toward the door.

"Naw!" he responded. I'm jest goin' down to the blacksmith shop to see if Bill Rogers has fixed that sled runner that got broke today."

Once out of sight of the quizzical gaze of his companions Lem struck out toward the residence of John Bailey. It was nothing unusual for him to drop in of an evening to discuss the affairs of the lumber interests. He was received with a hearty welcome by the host and given a seat by the kitchen fire, where the two men fell to discussing the happenings of the day. But all through the conversation Lem cast furtive glances toward the sitting room, where Mrs. Bailey was talking busily to some one—undoubtedly the interesting stranger whose acquaintance Lem so desired to make.

Finally after a short pause John Bailey suddenly broke out with: "Oh, say, Lem, come on in the room where the women folks is. We've got a visitor to our house."

Lem followed blindly and smiled airily on the young woman whom John Bailey introduced as "my sister-in-law, who has come up here in the woods to catch a man. Now, put in yer best licks, Lem," he added, "for I reckon ye stand as fair a show as any."

The girl blushed and laughed a little, but seemed in no wise displeased at the look of admiration which the young man took no pains to disguise. A coquette can be found in any sphere, and certainly Annie Davis could shine in that capacity at Carey's camp.

necessary toward the girl who was to "keep stiddy company" with a young man.

One night as Lem entered the boarding house before supper he was greeted by an uproarious chorus of voices from the men who had assembled before him.

"Oh, say, Lem!" shouted Jim Bennett, a powerful man with a voice in proportion to his size, "what do you think? Shorty has been spakin' yer girl on the sly."

"He had her out sleigh ridin' last night. He's been to see her lots when ye warn't round," exclaimed another with excitement. "Ye thought ye stood alone in that section all right, but we've just found out Shorty stands in, too, an' has kept mum about it. Oh, he's a sly one, Shorty is. Ye want to watch out."

Lem turned away with an easy laugh. "Bosh," he said good naturedly. "D'ye think she's goin' to take up with that little saved off? Most girls requires a man to suit 'em, not a half a one like Shorty. Shorty knows better'n to fool round no more. Somebody might get hurt."

As Lem sauntered out of the room with a conceited smile on his face one of the men remarked, with a spice of envy: "Lem thinks every girl is stuck on him. I'd give my old hat if Shorty would cut him out."

Lem had no fears of Shorty, and when he asked an explanation of Annie she said that Shorty had only been in a few times to inquire about home folks, as they were both from the same place. So Lem dismissed all fears and again basked in the paradise which was lighted by Annie's bright eyes and heated by her smiles.

One night Lem was later than usual getting in from the woods. Things had gone wrong that day. A bitter wind had blown all day, bearing little snow flurries that cut like steel. A peevish had snapped in two while he was rolling a log, causing him to take a heavy fall, which had bruised and jarred him considerably and ruffled his temper also. Coming down with the last load of logs that night, one of his horses stepped in a hole in the plank road, which tore the skin from the creature's leg and lamed him severely. Lem had to stop and roll the logs from the truck, as the horse was unable to assist the other to pull the load to the mill. Then much time had to be consumed attending the horse's wounds before he could go to his supper.

The men were in the dining room when Lem entered the men's room. He wondered at the sound of unusual commotion which struck him before entering the dining room. Some unwonted excitement had taken place he was sure.

As he opened the door the roar of laughter which greeted his appearance caused him to pause in bewilderment upon the threshold. Each man evidently tried to tell him something, but laughter forbade, and howls and shrieks of mirth rent the air the like of which had never been heard at Carey's camp.

"What is the matter with ye?" Lem demanded angrily of a man who sat near, gasping and choking over mirth and bacon.

"Oh, Lem," he shrieked between the paroxysms of laughter, "Sh-Sh-Shorty's gone with Annie Davis to get married."

For an instant a howl greeted the disclosure which almost made the walls sink out, then a deathlike stillness reigned. The men fairly held their breaths, awaiting the explosion which was sure to follow, for Lem could swear in the true lumberman's style.

Lem stared around for a few seconds, the embodiment of ludicrous bewilderment. Finally he gasped in a low, halting tone, as if for once the power of speech—and, stranger yet, the power to swear—had left him. "Waal, I'll be everlastingly goll darned!" and turned slowly and left the room.

Pandemonium could be considered quiet compared to the uproar that followed. Benches were kicked over, men rolled over the floor or slapped one another on the back in the ecstasy of their mirth. To think that Lem had been cheated out of his girl, and by Shorty of all persons!

Before bedtime Milt Flynn happened to go down to the mill. In the engine room he brushed up against Lem, sitting alone in the darkness. By the light of his lantern Milt could see a dejected expression on Lem's face. A slight feeling of commiseration crept over him, and he expressed the grin which had begun to overspread his features. He sat down and proceeded to give Lem the details of the story. Shorty and Annie had been lovers for some time away back at their own homes, and this was only the result that had been intended when she came to visit her sister. She had simply smiled on Lem to throw the other men off their guard and give them a surprise. Shorty had planned it and approved of her conduct all the way through.

Poor Lem's heart burned fiercely against her—not so much at the loss of his sweetheart as at the thought of being duped as he had been. And then to be beaten by Shorty! "If it had been any one but that darned little runt, I wouldn't keer," he growled to Milt Flynn. "But that was the gosh darnedest trick ever played on a feller. But I'll git even with 'em yet, see if I don't." He did not stop to consider that Shorty had only bided his time and paid back with interest some of the practical jokes Lem had always been so fond of playing on him.

Lem Marlow took up the burden of life again, feeling that he had been incensed and whitewashed in the bargain. But life was unendurable for him at Carey's camp. The men were merciless in their teasing. Lem stood it awhile in dogged silence until human nature could stand no more. One night he hunted up old Isaac Carey, settled his account and informed him he was going to leave next day. Then he went into the men's room and settled his accounts with them there. The worm had turned, and the men did not forget for a long time the profanity and maledictions poured out upon them. The next morning Lem Marlow left, and Carey's camp saw him no more.—New York Advertiser.

## The Dogs of the Conclergerie.

We seem to hear the baying of deep mouthed, great, fierce dogs—shepherds' dogs, as one might say, since their office is to guard the sheep for slaughter. Several of these faithful canine animals were employed in the prison, but one of them, named Ravage, was distinguished for ferocity and sagacity. Jailers slept at night near the cour de preau, and Ravage kept watch there with his master. Some prisoners attempted to escape by boring a hole in the wall.

Their chief danger of detection consisted in the watchfulness of Ravage, but, strangely enough, he was silent. His silence was explained on the following morning by an assignat of 100 sous, which was tied to his tail, together with a little note, on which was written, "On peut corrompre Ravage avec un assignat de cent sous et un paupet de pieds de mouton." The depraved dog walked about publishing his own infamy and was hailed with shouts of laughter. He was immured, as a punishment, for some hours in a cachot and emerged with an air of deep humiliation.—Quarterly Review.

# How To Use Cottolene

The new shortening, like all other things must be rightly used if you wish the best results. Never, in any recipe, use more than two-thirds as much Cottolene as you used to use of lard. Never put Cottolene in a hot pan. Put it in when cold and heat it with the pan. Be careful not to burn Cottolene. To test it, add a drop of water; if hot enough, it will pop. Cottolene, when rightly used, delights everyone. Get the genuine, sold everywhere in tins, with trade-marks—"Cottolene" and steer's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, ST. LOUIS and CHICAGO.

## What's the Use of Waiting?

"They" say "all things come to him who waits," but we have not been waiting, and we don't propose to wait. We KNOW our prices are right, our work A-1, and if you don't bring us work we will come after it, in one way or another, either by bringing to your notice our prices, facilities and quality of execution, or personal interviews. We are not grumbling; far from it. We've had our share; we are still getting our share. But we have placed at your disposal a modern, and almost ideal, printing establishment, with such facilities as to command admiration from all with whom we have business intercourse. We are not waiting; haven't time to wait.

Roanoke, Va. 189  
M  
To BALL & MAY, Dr.  
Terms  
GROCERS

## An Up-to-Date Printing Office.

One of the vows the writer made when he was "devil" in a country printing office was, in effect, that if he ever owned or managed a printing establishment, it would be kept clean, at least by comparison. At that time he hardly felt the force of the vow, for he has learned after years of experience that it is necessary immediately after one "going over" to start at the beginning and go over it all again. It never ends—just like a housekeeper's duties—but not like the boy who sees no use in washing his face because it will get soiled again. But, a clean printing establishment is just as necessary for the proper execution of work in our line as light and heat and power. And the vow has been kept. Come and see.

## All Together

One of the things which has contributed largely to the success of our establishment is the systematic working "together" of all our forces in all departments. This has reduced to a minimum the "lost motion" which is usually to be found in large industries. If a minute can be saved here, another there, it is done—an hour is gained—thus we take care of the fleeting moments. Five minutes wasted daily by each of our employes would mean the interest on \$10,000 a year. In these days of close margins each moment of time must be productive.

## We Do Not Believe

There is another city in the State which sends such a small proportion of its orders for printing and blank books away to our Northern friends as Roanoke. All honor to our bankers and business men; that is—most all of it. We must reserve a little, as this is our "own country."

## We Print Anything

That can be desired or devised from movable type, paper and ink—and brains. Brains are just as important in our work as paper or ink or type. It is the combination that tells. We do not mean to be egotistical at all; but combining these things to bring forth a harmonious result has been our study—and we do claim to know our business right thoroughly.

## And Our Stock-Room!

If some of our friends who usually buy a quire or so of paper at a time, could look in upon this department, they would not cease wondering for days. We do not exaggerate a particle when we say you can see A TON OF A KIND; yes, TEN TONS OF A KIND. You say: "What, ten tons of one kind of paper in a town like Roanoke?" That's what we said. Come and see. And, besides, hundreds of other kinds of plain, fancy and unique; there are stacks of card-board, of a kind, as high as a man, and he need not be a Lilliputian, either.

## Our Establishment

Is just opposite and overlooking the lawn of Hotel Roanoke, (one of the finest hotels in the State,) which gives us a magnificent, bright, refreshing view at all times. Our business office and press-room are on the ground floor (along with our prices). Each floor and department is connected with the office by Electric Bells, Speaking Tubes, and Elevators; and all departments are bountifully supplied with all kinds of Labor and Time-Saving Appliances.

## Quite Recently, Too

The times are hard, money tight, everything handled economically—but it cannot possibly stay that way. So we are pushing ("not shoving") ahead, just as though good times were upon us. We cannot afford to lag behind or worry; but in times of peace we are preparing for war. And when it comes we will have an establishment that can take care of anything that comes—and things that do not come now. Recently we placed an order for one of the largest lots of new type ever given at one time in Virginia.

## On the Top Floor

Is our Blank Book Manufactory, ruling machines, including one which is probably the largest south of Philadelphia; our various wire stitchers, which will take wire from a spool, cut it the proper length, shape it, and drive through a book three-fourths of inch thick, or one not so thick, 120 a minute; then our paging and numbering machines, board and paper cutters, book presses, which exert a pressure of twenty tons or more, perforating, punching and eyeletting machines, and the engraving department—which latter is an innovation for this section.

## Further Along

On this floor is the type-setting department, where expert minds and fingers think and act rapidly and correctly, interpreting at times handwriting that would make Horace Greeley turn green with envy. Large, extra large fonts of type permit the handling of very large orders in a most satisfactory and expeditious manner. Our force in this department can set up about as many pages in a day as a man can read. A plentiful supply of Algebraical, Astronomical, Geometrical signs and characters, accented letters, and "odd sorts" enable us to handle difficult and intricate work in special lines.

## What Can We Not Do

With such facilities? A card, a circular, note head, envelope, pamphlet, price list, catalogue, book, railroad rate sheet or time table, a ruled blank or a 1000-page ledger, on any or all, we assure our friends we are AT HOME, from January 1st to December 31st.

The Stone Printing and Manufacturing Co.,

Printers, Engravers and Blank Book Manufacturers,  
opposite Hotel Roanoke.  
EDW. L. TONE, President.  
ROANOKE, VA.

## Why

do the best business men of this community patronize the advertising columns of

THE  
ROANOKE DAILY TIMES?

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- 1 Future orders depend upon the returns derived from present orders.
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- 3 Owing to the popular price, \$5 a year in advance, at which it is offered, new subscribers are being enrolled every day, and its attractive news columns are a guarantee that every line of the paper is read.

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THE SUNDAY TIMES costs \$1 a year.